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A
TRIP
Lately To
SCOTLAND.
With a True
CHARACTER
Of The
Country and People:

Also
Reflections on their Proceedings to disturb
the present Reign: To which are added se-
veral Remarks, on the late Barbarous Exe-
cution of Capt. *Green*, Mr. *Madder*, Mr.
Simpson, and several others. With an *Ele-*
gy on their (unmerited) Deaths.



LONDON,
Printed, and sold by S. Malthus in London-House-
Yard, 1705.

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 the present Reign, which are added to
 several Remarks, by the Baroness, Mrs.
 Countess of Caprington, Mr. Mordaunt, Mr.
 Simpson, and several others. With an
 Essay on their (unimpaired) Merits.



LONDON
 Printed, and sold by S. Mallet in London-Street
 Year 1705.

T H E INTRODUCTION.

How far will this degenerate Age decline, (tain!
While Men confound the Peace they wou'd at-
In vain our Armies, blest with Conquest, come,
While Knaves destroy our Happiness at home;
Shunning the Favours, Providence has given;
As if they strove to thwart the Will of Heaven.
Domestick, and intestine Discord, shows,
Our Friends more hard to conquer than our Foes.
Not all the Virtue of a gracious *Queen*,
Can reconcile the Rage of factious Men.
Tory at *Whigg*, and *Whigg* at *Tory* rails;
(Fume in their Heads, and Firebrands at their Tails)
Biggots, with Fiery Zealots disagree,
And the Devil dances to the Harmony.
Knaves rail at Knaves, and make a buisy pother,
Living (like Beasts of Prey) on one another.
The Pulpit Heroes; (conscious of their Right)
Quarrel in Woods, and at a distance Fight:
Branding their Candidates for Sons of Hell;
And he that bawls the loudest, Preaches well.
Every Mechanick Schismatick can wrest
The Holy Writ, to prove his Cause the best:
Fanaticks (fill'd with envy) joyn with *Whiggs*,
And long to Dance their Revolution Jiggs;
Scriblers, employ their Talents to foment
Commotions, Treachery, and Discontent.

A

Thus

Thus while they are pretending to withstand
 The Pow'r of *France*, they lend a helping hand
 The Tyrant wou'd undoubtedly despair,
 Had he no hopes from our Contention here:
 We Fight, and struggle hard for breadth and length;
 And he, from our Division, gathers strength.

The grounds from whence our Mutinies proceed,
 Are Self-conceit, aspiring Hopes, and Pride:
 From Arrogance Seditious Crotchets rise;
 And Self-conceit perswades 'em they are wise;
 Proud of their Wisdom, (where no Wit appears,)
 They play the Critick upon State-affairs:
 Trades-men turn Politicians, and explode
 Those matters, which they never understood;
 Mechanick *Taylor*s judge of mens desert;
 And prick the Constitution to the Heart.
 The very Barber (while he Shaves) shall prate,
 And charm your Ears with some Intrigues of State.
 Censure a Parliament for want of care;
 And trim the Court-Proceedings to a hair.
 Thus Villany, and Ignorance contrive;
 To keep contagious Diff'rencies alive:
 Faction, and Vice, for Mischief have agreed:
 And hence it is our Grievances proceed.

Seeing the Tumult of this buisy Town,
 Twisting the State Affairs to serve their own,
 Glutted with Nonsense, and mistaken joys,
 Balk'd of content, and surfeited with noise,
 An inward Motion prompted me to try
 Some other Climate for a remedy.
 Hearing much talk of *Scotland's* Plots, and Pride,
 And willing to be fully satisfy'd:
 I fixt my mind (if I may so express it)
 To pay that lazy, Loufie Land a Visit.

A TRIP Lately To SCOTLAND, &c.

Equipt for journey, mounted on a Steed;
 That sprung (I guess,) from *Hudibras's* breed;
 A founder'd *Pegasus*, as e're was rid;
 As old, and blind, as ever man bestrid;
 Some Bakers drudge he'd been for many Years;
 And like his Master too, had lost his Ears;
 Whip; Spur; he'd ner'e advance above a Trot;
 Fat as a Rake; as Scabby as a Scot;
 He'd blunder on, as if he was asleep,
 Groan every moment; Stumble every Step;
 Hobble directly forwards, by degrees;
 Sometimes on's feet, and sometimes on his knees:
 His Eyes within his Skull were Sinking Pits,
 That made him be so prone to Stumbling fits;
 He look'd so wan, and wou'd so quake and quiver,
 One might ha' swore, he'd got the Hectick Fever:
 I shall not here pretend t' extol his Breed;
 Nor praise his Teeth, because he'd none in's Head:
 However this, in his behalf I'll say:
 Meet who you wou'd, he'd make 'em give him way;
 Horsemen, or Foot, (he valu'd not a rush;)
 Must either give him room, or stand a brush:
 Subject to Palsie, tainted with the Itch;
 Plagu'd with the Gripes; and troubl'd with a Stitch;

B

When

When Night came on he'd got an ugly fault,
 He'd hang an Arse, and counterfeit a halt :
 The Sham-deceit, infected him all o'er,
 Sometimes behind, and by and by before;
 He'd reel, (as if it were to show his weakness,)
 And much addicted to the falling Sicknefs:
 The way, I strove to make him go, he'd shun,
 So I was forc'd to let him take his own.
 Weary with toil he mov'd on heavily;
 And I on's Back as weary too as he,
 With dirty Aspect and bespatter'd Robes
 Comparing my Adversities with *Job's*:
 Had that afflicted Saint been forc'd to Ride,
 On such a Beast, his Patience had been try'd;
 He'd sooner curs'd the Author of his Life,
 Than urg'd by the intreaties of his Wife.

To make the Story short, with much ado,
 I got as far at last as *EDENBROUGH*.
 Fatigu'd with Travel, with a drooping Head
 I Supp'd, and after Supper, went to Bed;
 I'th Night I Dream'd of strange Fantastick notions
 Of Usurpation, Tumults, and Commotions.
 Methoughts, the Bloody S-----ts were all in Arms
 Frighting the North of *England* with Alarms;
 Some of the Brood, in holes, and corners lurk
 To execute a project in the Dark;
 But he, whose never-failing Providence
 Protects the Crown of his anointed Prince,
 Baff'd the Project in it's infancy,
 And all their damn'd designs abortive Die:
 The chiefest Actors, Ruin'd, and betray'd;
 Falling i'th Pit their own Devices made.
 Pleas'd with the Scene, my Faculties awake;
 And prov'd the fancy but a gross Mistake:
 I rose, and having paus'd a while, went down
 To take a better Prospect of the Town.

Passing along the Street, I still observ'd
 In every place, an Object almost starv'd.
 Troubl'd with Gout (the sure effects of Vice)
 Crippl'd with Age, and eaten up with Lice,
 Imploring Charity, for their Reliefs:
 Great were their Pains, and Muckle were their Griets.
 No; no; thinks I, small Charity you show
 For us, and we will show as small for you
 Still they'd cry after you with meagre Faces,
 While Vermin on their Backs were running races;
 (Regardless of their Cries,) to vent my spleen,
 I drew this Inference from what I'd seen,

' If th' *English* Fight the *Scots*, they're much i'th wrong ;
 ' For every Beggar is five Thousand Strong.

The Town was in a hurry every where;
 Buify, preparing instruments of War,
 Coblers at Stalls, --- Herb-women at their Baskets
 Were whetting two eg'd Swords, and Scow'ring Muskets:
 Your drowzy Plowmen, and your brawny Tikes,
 Were all imploy'd in splitting Ash for Pikes,
 Robbing themselves of their accustom'd rest,
 As if the work had been in such great hast.
 Gun-smiths (debarr'd the Comforts of their Beds,)
 Had hardly time to scratch their Scabby Heads.
 And lo! a Wonder (to be wonder'd at)
 I saw (a Prodigie) a *Scotchman* Sweat:
 And his observ'd they're so in love with ease,
 They'd sooner lose their Blood, than lose their Grease.
 This Saying commonly I us'd to hear,
 That Brass was very scarce, and Lead was dear.
 Now what Designs, under these Cloaks lay hid.
 I cannot well conceive, or if I did,
 Perhaps it might be dang'rous to exprefs:
 And so I leave impartial Men to guefs.

Turning my Head aside I chanc'd to spy,
 A blended mixture of Hypocrisie
 A croud of M-----s and M-----s:
 With narrow Consciences, and broad brim'd Hats.
 Trudging as softly (loaded in the mind)
 As if the G-----ws were their journeys end;
 Minding which way their steps would lead their zeal,
 I saw 'em house at last within a Cell;

Willing to see what project was afoot,
 What Mischiefe next they were to bring about;
 Giving the thoughts of rambling Farther, ore,
 I went to'th place, I hinted at before.
 Ent'ring the House, I found a company,
 Unhinging Government and Monarchy,
 Wondring who first did Kings with pow'r invest,
 That one should Rule three K-----s, 'twas a jest.
 And then they'd show a base contempt of Kings:
 By Hi'roglyphick signs, and whisperings,
 Carping at Titles and Prerogatives,
 While cunning Knaves sat laughing in their sleeves.
 Some others of that odious Character,
 Were railing at the House of H-----,
 Much more I heard, which I shall here omit,
 Because it is improper to repeat.
 Earag'd to hear such venom'd Notions flow:
 From such a factious, disaffected Crew,

I rose in anger (guessing what they meant,)
 Mutt'ring these Imprecations as I went,
 ' If e're you prove so impious to Rebel,
 ' May Heaven confound your discontented Zeal.
 ' May *England*, barr you from your own Dominions,
 ' Reduc'd to live on Barley-bread and Onions ;
 ' Vanquish'd whenever you engage, and may
 ' Your Heels deceive you when you'd run away.
 ' May all your dark Designs in ruin Sink,
 ' Sorrow your Meat, and Physick be your Drink.
 ' Till it has purg'd the Damn'd Contagion out,
 ' That seems within you to have taken Root:
 Returning to my Lodging, I begun
 To think of what the *Scots* had spoke and done.
 Which Thoughts (urg'd on by Fancy) usher'd in,
 This following Panegyrick on the *Queen*.

A Panegyrick upon *Queen Ann*.

HAil gracious Sovereign, vertuous, wise &
 A Pattern for this Age to Imitate. (great,
 Ordain'd by God, and Nature to excell:
 The crowded World affords no parallel.
 Virtue (abstracted Virtue) seems to shine,
 Thro every part, and makes the Whole divine.
 Ingratitude can no aspersions raise,
 And Envy turns her Malice into praise.
 Rebellion wou'd be downright Impudence,
 Her Mildness leaves that crime without pre-
 Indulgent as the Woman, as the *Queen* (tence.
 Majestick, generous, noble, and serene:
 Ador'd by Friends, (esteem'd their only Prize)
 And either lov'd or fear'd by Enemies. (Fight
 Her conquering Arms, victorious where they
 Explain the dignity she bears her Right, (Foe
 Some Monarchs many years have fought the
 In vain for what her infant Reign can show:
 (care.
 Heaven always shows, a more than common
 Where ever her auspicious Arms make War.
 (confess
 France dreads her Pow'r, and *Spain* must needs
 They to her Fortune owe their Happiness.

And wou'd our homebred differences unite,
 The blessings of her Reign wou'd be compleat.
 She sees intestine Strife fomented high,
 And grieves for what she cannot remedy:
 She sees a scabby Nation discontent, (bent;
 And head-strong for their own Destruction
 Willing, to reconcile the restless rumour,
 But true-Born *Scots*, are ever out of humour.
 If so, then let our true-Born *Englishmen*,
 With ardent Loyalty defend their *Queen*;
 Let every Subject proper Homage pay,
 And renovate their Duties every day:
 May those that wou'd her Government destroy
 Unpitied live, and unlamented die.
 Let Poets sing Encomiums on her Name,
 (Theme;
 And take her matchless Virtue for their
 Let every Protestant too protect her Crown,
 And hazard Life to vindicate her Throne.
 Walk Friendly, with their Brethren hand in
 And let the *Scots* be R-- and be D-- (hand;
 Curst with their old Disease, I say no more,
 But now begin where I left off before.

Next Morning being *Sunday*, I repair'd,
 To *Kirk*; where Decency is thought absurd;
 No Images adorn the pious Tent,
 For Cobwebs are the chiefest Ornament;
David was glad, when People prompted him
 To praise the Lord whithin *Jerusalem*;
 And many times, (to manifest his Grace)
 Wou'd cry; how pleasant is thy dwelling Place!
 By which I wou'd infer, (without dispute)
 That *Is'raels* Champion never was a *Scot*.

Decorums

Decorums, in the Hovel, they despise,
 And he that says they're Superstitious, lies;
 No bowing of the Heads, nor bended Knee;
 To be so Pious wou'd be Popery:
 No Ceremonious, Superfluous Rites,
 But each man Worships as the Maggot bites,
 Acting the Pharisees dissembling part,
 With more Religion in their Eyes, than Heart:
 Crouded together like a Herd of Sheep,
 Some stand like Statues, others sit and Sleep,
 But now methinks I see the palefac'd Saint
 Framing his looks to Flattery and Cant.
 The Preaching Loon, allotted for that Place
 Was qualify'd with every thing, but Grace.
 At first his Tongue in gentle murmurs stir'd,
 (As if he'd been afraid of being heard)
 But afterwards he roar'd; one wou'd ha' guest
 Instead of being inspir'd, he'd been possesst.

His Text was---- Blessed are the Peacemakers;
 From whence he hinted at our *English* P---s
 But soon forgot his Theme, and run astray;
 Blinded with Zeal the Biggot lost his way.
 I understood, by what some People said,
 The Preacher was a Shoemaker by Trade;
 But growing Old (usurping some Degree)
 Was now turn'd Cobler in Divinity:
 And with the Hammer of his Arguments
 Knoc'd down the Pope at once, and all his Saints:
 Making the Stirrup of his Policy:
 A footstep to inhance *Presbitery*.

How'ere he did not manage matters fair,
 The Text was Peace, but all the the Sermon War.
 He mauld the *French*, the *Germans* and the *Dutch*;
 Nor th' *English* were not safe from his reproach.
 Thumping his Cushion with both Hands together,
 As if he'd took it for a piece of Leather.
 Which shows what 'ere the Function may pretend;
 The humour of the Shoemaker remain'd.
 And by and by (implicitly perplext
 With some affront) he quarrel'd with the Text;
 Unravel'd all his Doctrine, and begun
 A Tale relating to the man i'th Moon:
 With such a medly of impertinence
 Enough to've surfeited a man of Sense.
 Still *Crispin* mutter'd, rail'd and hurry'd on,
 As if he ner'e intended to have done.
 But seeing all his Meeting in confusion,
 He thought 'twas time to hasten a conclusion.

So packing up his Auls, dismiss the Sinners,
To go and eat Peasporrage for their Dinners.
Having observ'd the humours and the ways,
Of true-born Scots, in these degen'rate days,
I hope it will not be amiss, if here,
I shou'd present you with his Character.

The Character of a Scot.

A Modern Scot is so averse to good,
His daily Study is Ingratitude.
The more his Sovereign shows of Clemency,
'Tis still observ'd the more ungrateful he.
Kindness and Mercy does a trifle seem,
Reason is Nonsense when you talk with him.
False as the Syrens lew'd attracting smile
And treacherous as the weeping Crocodile.
Selfish, ill-natur'd (ever prone to prate)
Pust up with vanity and self-conceit.

No Constitution of a Government
Cou'd ever cure his Talent----- Discontent,
With an infectious Prenzzy so diseas'd
He's sometimes easy, but he's never pleas'd.
One Government's too harsh to be obey'd,
This King must be depos'd, and that betray'd,
Always contriving Methods to Rebel.
(For if he's quiet 'tis against his will)
Wisemen observe a Scot will best agree
With any King that's prone to Tyranny.
The Reason's plain (for then he knows the worst,
He's glad to be content because he's forc'd;
Mildness he makes a ground-work for Revolts,
And when he proves successful, he insults:
But if the mischief fails, before 'tis done,
He licks his Lips and calls himself a Loon.
Thus he pursues the good and bad by turns:
And when he's almost ruin'd, then he mourns.

In's Loylaty, no Monarch wou'd confide;
He's still inclin'd to love the Strongest Side.
In Revolutions he is so unjust,
To black the Faction which is uppermost;
Tho' ne're so bad the Cause for which they Fight,
If Conquerours, they must be in the right.
Conquest and Victory command Applause,
Success confirms the goodness of the Cause.
Thus he constructs his perjur'd Wickedness:
Ever despising Virtue in distress.

How

How many instances cou'd I produce
To prove him base, disloyal, infamous!
But those that wou'd unfold a *Scot's* Deceit,
Needs look no further back than Forty Eight.

Religion (which shou'd men with Zeal invest)
He makes subservient to his Interest :
And daily strives to let his Neighbours see
Much stir about a little Piety.
Many a day he Fasts, Repents and Pines ;
For Loffes ; (very rarely for his Sins.)

He goes to *Kirk* on Sunday once or twice,
To hear and see, but seldom Edifies :
With Fervency of mind he does beseech
The God of Heaven that he may be Rich ;
He sits on's A----e and prays with mighty Zeal :
He thinks it is not worth his while to Kneel :
For that wou'd represent him too devout ;
And be a way to wear his Breeches out.
His Charity, is most times limited ;
He seldom gives where there is any need :
His Distributions he bequeaths to those
Whose Recompences will not let him lose :
But if he proves so prodigal by Chance,
To treat the Poor with his Benevolence,
He always blows a Trumpet first to show
His Neighbours what he is about to do,
For if he is not seen the Gift divide,
He thinks his Charity is misapply'd.

His Principles are Sceptick, and Prophan ;
His Actions, not so politick, as Vain :
He seldom swears, he scorns to be so base,
He'd rather cheat a man of all he has :
He's very niggardly, inclin'd to save,
And honest, when he cannot be a Knave.
He's very sober too, (as some report,)
But one can hardly praise his Temper for't :
That blessed Virtue makes us apt to think,
That Money's either very scarce, or Drink :
He Glory's in his own Impertinence,
As void of Manners as he is of Sense.
And yet I cannot justly call him Fool,
Because he runs the Stages in the School.
Nor will I vindicate Absurdities,
Or condescend so far to say he's Wise :
How're to do 'em justice they enjoy
Much Learning, Little Ingenuity.

One thing is ever fatal to the *Scot*,
But They're always baff'd in contriving Plots:

For

For tho' a *Scot* may keep his Tongue from noise,
 If 'tis in's heart he'l tell it with his Eyes.
 A man may read it in his very ways,
 His Treason seldom lives above ten Days.
 Thus builds a Fabrick up with cost and pain,
 And by his Folly, ruins it again.
 Eager to countenance a factious Rout,
 Displeas'd with Kings yet never pleas'd without.
 His curst Fanatick Zeal does never cease,
 Restless in War, and troublesome in Peace.

He's nat'rally inclin'd to range abroad,
 Go where he will he's nee'r beside his Road.
 Begging a little of his Sire's Extortion,
 Lice are his Guardians, and a Pack's his Portion.
 He thinks 'tis honourable, to appear
 A Sojourner, as all his Fathers were:
 He walks the World's unmeasur'd Confines round,
 The perfect Picture of a Vagabond,
 And lives so rarely (maugre Packs and Pain)
 He never cares for turning home again.
 But pushes on, new Regions to disclose,
 Leaving his Cloath and Spawn where're he goes.
 Whose Scabby ill-look'd progeny in time,
 Discovers both the Father and the Clime.

His Language is corrupted at the Source,
 And every other day grows worfe and worfe.
 He steals from other Tongues to mend his own,
 So mixt, the Original is hardly known.
 For if you search, 'tis easy to distinguish,
 'French Mimick, broken Dutch, and bastard English.
 His Bravery we ought not to omit
 And yet it is too shameful to repeat.
 He seldom will engage, unless he's sure,
 Either of being safe or Conquerour:
 (Just like your dung-hill Cocks with terroure hatch'd
 He'll never fight except he's undermatch'd)
 Adverse *Hofannahs* makes him bow his head,
 But if he's wounded you may say he's dead.
 And when he dies he winks and stops his Breath,
 Because he'd neither see nor feel his death.
 His Policy as ti's defeated, ---- sinks
 His Courage when it shou'd support him ---- shrinks.
 (And that which more his Cowardice reveals)
 His Saftey he reposes in his Heels,
 He might make pretty Pastime in a Fray,
 Only he's very apt to run away.
 That Prince that that strives to be inform'd with speed,
 How's Forces do against his Foes succeed,

Must

Must send a *Scot* (for 'tis observ'd by some)
He's always Last abroad, and First at home.

The female kind, are a contentious Brood,
Stubborn, perverse, and not a little proud:

Addicted to the gossiping infection,
Rude in discourse and Swarthy in complexion:

They boast of Chastity, and I dare swear;
Envy her self wou'd vindicate 'em there:

They're very chaste indeed, but 'tis a debt
Acknowledg'd to their Ugliness for that;

For he that cou'd commit the Venial Sin
Must have a stomach stronger far than mine:

They're easily provok'd, and out of tune;
But flatter'd once, are reconcil'd as soon

Peevish, and froward; obstinate, and vain,
Willing to Work;---(they only grudge the pain)

Pursuing mischief with an eager zeal,
But always weary when they're doing well;

Censorious when their Neighbours faults are known
And ever backward to amend their own:

Passing to day away, exempt from Sorrow,
Careless, and unprovided for to morrow.

So nasty in their Diet and their Dress
They're Antidotes against Lasciviousness

Fullsome, and filthy,---(Housewiv'ry's so rare)
An English Slut wou'd make an Artist there:

Apt to dissemble (wou'd your Laughter move)
To hear 'em always rail at what they love

Pregnant in Issue, to their Husbands cost,
Quiet when pleas'd, but Devils when they're cross:

Forward to take revenge for injur'd wrongs,
Barren of Manners, lavish of their Tongues:

The Cataracts of Nile: (wou'd we compare
With them) are far more pleasant to the ear

The Magpyes noise (when Omens they comment)
Are Musick, to their lov'd impertinence

Clamour, is Wit, (they take it for a rule)
For to be Silent, is to be a Fool

Noisy and vile, from paths of Virtue swerv'd
Inspid in discourse, but not reserv'd

Uncharitable in prosperity,
Uneasy in distress and misery:

Ordering matters at so strange a rate,
They Sin by retail, and repeat by th' great

So hypocritical in their intent,
Their Thoughts and Acts are always different

Alehouse or Kirk where 'ere the humour bends
They carry with them Bibles in their hands;

Drink, Smoak, or Pray, Dissemble, Lie, or Brawl,
 They think the Scripture Sanctifies in all
 Cunning as Gypsies, nothing can deceive 'em,
 Scabby I found the j — ds and so I leave 'em.

Their Country is that barren Wilderness
 Which Cain did first in banishment possess;
 An open-mouth'd Asylum that receives
 Your broken Debtors, and your Fugitives,
 A sure Retreat for Rebels and for Thieves,
 A greedy, dark, degenerate place of Sin,
 For th' Universe to host her Rubbish in,
 Europe unloads her Offal into a heap,
 And gives the Scots those Jakes She will not keep:
 And Africk, to complete their Character
 Has empty'd all her outcast — istle there.

Pimps, Bullies, Traitors, Robbers, (tis all one,
 Scotland like wide-jaw'd Hell, refuses none,
 And as some men observe, the Scots have spread
 In every Nation their infernal Breed;
 So in return of kindness, (to atone)
 They're made a common Refuge of their own:
 A barren Island Seated in remote
 It looks as if by nature 'twas forgot;
 The Trees are fruitless and the Fields are bare
 Of every thing but Thistles, Moss, and Mire:
 The Soil is quite worn out with Cart and Plow,
 They Sow in Sorrow, and they Reap so too:
 The Climate's cold (by Fraud the people live)
 An honest man may sooner Starve than thrive.
 Timber is scarce, purchas'd at no small price,
 There's nothing there that's plentiful but Lice.
 Ingenious men may spend a good Estate
 Before they'd get a Farming by their Wit:
 The Earth is sparing both of Grain and Grass,
 The Women Cattle, and the Cattle less;
 Their Buildings are no higher than a Gallow;
 A House two Stories reckon'd there a Palace:
 The pregnant Roots that in the Garden fettle
 Are Garlick, Poppies, Arichoks, and Nettles;
 Potatoes with advantage they can sow,
 But Honesty's a Weed that will not grow:
 The Fruit (they boast of) withers in its life,
 No sooner grows mature, but droops and dies:
 Blasted by Thunder in its infant bloom,
 And bar'd the comforts of the splendid Sun.
 To give you now the Character in full
 The Land's a Desert, and the People, dull.

A place that's perfectly subd'ud by sloth
 To be accounted grateful always loath:
 A place that harbours Vice, it shoud expel
 Religion without Charity, or Zeal;
 Faith without Morals, Christians without Grace,
 Truth without Friends; Justice without a face,
 Virtue's dethron'd, and Vice is cloath'd with Honours,
 Men without Sense, and Women without Manners,
 Sons disobedient, Fathers as severe,
 Priests void of Counsel, Magistrates of care:
 Trees, without Fruit, and Dealings without Barter,
 Cities, and Corporations without Charter.
 Men without Hearts, (yet bold enough to forrage,
 Arms without Men, and Heroes without Courage;
 Projects without design, (for such the Case is)
 Ambitious Notions built, without a basis:
 Allegiance droops; all things are in confusion,
 This is the Countrey and the Constitution
 Which plots and does it's own Distress contrive;
 It may be call'd a meer Noun ---Substantive.
 'Tis notable for selling Monarchs cheap,
 And famous too, for breeding rotten Sheep;
 But that which Crowns it's baseness with applause,
 'Tis mark'd for brib'd unwholsome, partial Laws,
 Witness those vile proceedings lately seen
 Against that English Hero ---Captain *Green*.
 Hold, stop my Muse, one Sigh with Tears imbrud
 For those poor Sufferers, and so conclude.

An ELOG Y upon the unmerited Deaths of Capt. *Green*, Mr. *Madder*, &c.

A Las! how weak a Shield is Innocence,
 When Power executes without Offence!
 Silent it stands, upbraided with Reproach;
 And wonders how it has deserv'd so much.

(unknown;
 Such was your Fate (brave Men) your Crime
 Yet nothing but your Lives could there atone;
 Accus'd by barb'rous, Heath'nish Infidels,
 Condemn'd by Laws, where Tyranny prevails.

(State)
 Negroes were brib'd (an honour to their
 (what.

To swear they knew not how, they knew not
 Look down ye Heav'ns, and condescend to see,
 A Nation harden'd in Impiety.
 That English Blood shou'd be a Sacrifice,

To please a Scabby Land's pebeian Eyes.
 Hush it in Silence, let it not be nam'd,
 Lest it shou'd make Posterity ashamed:
 An Act their Progeny will blush to hear,

(were;
 And cry, ----- what Monsters our forefathers
 An Act (so basely grounded at the root,)
 That Impudence wants Brags to face it out.

(tempt;
 And yet you Dy'd (like Heroes) with con-
 Of tainted Laws, and human Punishment;
 Embrac'd your destiny and hug'd your Death,

(Breth;
 Clearing your Conscience with your parting
 Leaving your Enemies without pretence:
 To Truth, or Justice, Honesty, or Sense,

FINIS

A place that's perfectly lubb'd by both
To be accounted grateful always loath;
A place that harbours Vice, it should expel
Religion without Charity, or Zeal;
Faith without Morals; Christians without Grace;
Truth without Friends; Justice without a face;
Virtue's bestow'd, and Vice is cloth'd with Honours;
Men without Sense, and Women without Manners;
Sons disobedient, Fathers as levers;
Priests void of Counsel, Magistrates of care;
Tees without Fruit, and Desires without Power;
Cities and Corporations without Charter;
Men without Hearts, (yet bold enough to charge)
Arms without Men, and Honors without Courage;
Projects without design, (for such the Cause)
Ambitious Nations built, without a base;
Alliance drops; all things are in confusion;
This is the Conveyance and the Constitution
Which plots and does its own Dilect's contrivance;
It may be call'd a meer Name - Sublimative
'Tis notable for telling Monarchs cheap
And famous too, for preceding rotten sheep;
But that which Crows as its talents with splendour,
'Tis mark'd for bid'd unwelcome, yet still
Wishes those who proceedings lately seen
Against that English Hero - Captain Green.
Hold, stop my Mule, one sign with ears in hand
For those poor sufferers, and to conclude.

An ELOG Y upon the Unrecorded Deaths of
Capt. Green, Mr. Manners, &c.



As I bow weak a Shield is Innocence
When Power exerts without Offence
Silent hands, upbraid with Reproach;
And wonders how it has been so to much
(unhappy)
Such was your Fate (poor Men) your Cause
Yet nothing but your Lives could there atone
Accus'd by dark'ness, heard with labels
Condemn'd by Laws, where Tyranny prevails
(poor)
Negroes were bid'd (an honour to their
(what)
To swear they knew not how, they knew not
Look down ye Heav'n, and condemn'd to see
A Nation lubb'd in luxury.
That English Blood should be a sacrifice

To please a Scabby Landlord's Hound
Hunt it in silence, for none should
Lest it should make Poverty and
And their Troop will bid it hunt
(what)
And cry - what Monks are our Fathers
An Act to be laid ground at the foot
That abundance wants Faith to face
(what)
And yet you Dy'd (like Heroes) with on
Of stained love, and human Friendship
Embrac'd your destiny and bid your Dy'd
(Bless'd)
Clearing your Conscience with your part
Leaving your Families without presence;
To Truth, or Justice, Honesty, or Sense.

FINIS

